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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Fearon's Sketches of America.
8vo. pp. 462.

(Continued.)

We have reason to believe that our review of this work, last week, made a strong and salutary impression on the public. What we have now to add will rather augment than diminish that effect; and, though it is not easy to prove a negative, we will yet venture to say, that many a Briton will have cause to bless the day when the details of this author's mission cleared away from his mind the fog of factious or interested misrepresentation, and placed in its true light the momentous question of Emigration from this Island to the United States.

Mr. Fearon several times mentions a peculiarity of the American character, as it struck him, and has, not to their national credit, struck others. It is a pity that from the vain-glorious braggardism of some, the whole should be held to be liable to the propensity of gross exaggeration. So it is,—and from the mendacious Master Rich, who saw an enormous sea-serpent, with its head on one side of his ship and its tail on the other, in a Tunny-fish six or eight feet long, to the magnanimous Porters' and Rogers' of the late war, the common feeling is that the "truth is not in them." After noticing some accounts of public buildings at New York, in which the imagination has a large share, the Writer says—

American habits, prosperity, and intelligence, are described upon the same model; and, I regret to say, in too many instances in this city, are equally devoid of foundation. Such accounts would appear to answer no other ends than those of imposition; and the nation which really stood in need of these arts, would not deserve to rise and prosper: but, as to the veil thrown over the real situation of this country, by some recent writers, it is equally the interest of native and emigrant that it should be withdrawn. Every American, if he be a man of sense, would wish to see portrayed the real character and condition of his country, in order that he might not only perceive what was excellent, but also be enabled to discover what there was to amend and improve; while to the respectable emigrant and his family, the consequences must be lamentable, when he finds that he has been induced to a change of country by the exaggerated and base misrepresentations of romantic or interested individuals.—p. 21, 2.

VOL. II.

When our author has been a little longer in the country, his language becomes more pointed in this respect. Speaking of Pittsburgh, "bombastically called by the natives their *Birmingham*," he says—

The public accounts of this city are so exaggerated and out of all reason, that strangers are usually disappointed on visiting it. This, however, was not my case. I have been in some measure tutored in *American gasconade*. When I am told that at a particular hotel there is *handsome* accommodations, I expect that they are one degree removed from very bad; if "*elegant* entertainment," I anticipate tolerable; if a person is "*a clever* man," that he is not absolutely a fool; and if a manufactory is the "*first in the world*," I expect, and have generally found, about six men and three boys employed.—page 200.

We are inclined to class under this head the speech of a modest Lieutenant, in Captain Biddle's ship, which Mr. Fearon visited.

I was much pleased (says the traveller) with one of the Lieutenants. Having adverted to their naval victories, he very modestly replied—"I make no claim to superiority over the British." (We wonder Mr. F. did not laugh in his face.) "There cannot be braver men than they are; but they were too confident of success, and that feeling has defeated men in many things besides battles. Besides which, Sir, their long unrivalled successes caused them to be lax in their discipline, while, on the contrary, we are remarkably strict in ours: our discipline is a model in that particular, and nothing can be done without it at sea."—page 56.

Those who have read Mr. James's excellent work, will know how to appreciate the affected candour of this superlative coxcomb. Well might General Moreau declare that "there was not a drummer in the American army who did not think himself equal to General Moreau."

This fact, (adds Mr. Fearon,) will apply to all occupations, with an equal degree of faithfulness. Every man here thinks he has arrived at the acmé of perfection: the mechanics themselves possess the same feeling.—Every American supposes it impossible for a foreigner to teach him any thing, and that his head contains a perfect encyclopædia. This excessive inflation of mind must be attended with many disadvantages.—They appear to aim at a standard of high reputation, without the laborious task of deserving it, and practise upon themselves the self-deception of believing that they really are that which they only wish to be.—page 372.

The country and climate on this side of Mr. Birkbeck's elysium, are thus described:

The dreary monotony of limited views of such endless uniformity, produces sensations of the most depressing melancholy. The atmosphere, after a hot day, causes head-aches which frequently terminate in an intermittent fever. A man's being *sick*, (the term applied to every species of illness,) is as common in this country, as being in distress is in England.—page 221.

We have mentioned that Mr. Fearon's admiration of Cobbett induced him to pay that person a visit at Long Island. He found him with a French inmate in his house, his sons, &c. and tells us that—

Mr. C. thinks meanly of the American people, but spoke highly of the economy of their government. He does not advise persons in respectable circumstances to emigrate, even in the present state of England. In his opinion, a family who can but barely live upon their property, will more consult their happiness by not removing to the United States. He almost laughs at Mr. Birkbeck's settling in the Western Country.—page 68.

Mr. Cobbett complained of the difficulty of obtaining labourers, at a price by which the agriculturist could realize a profit; so much so, that he conceives that a farmer in America cannot support himself unless he has sons, who, with himself, will labour with their own hands. He had contracted with a man to do his mowing; the terms were, an equal division of the produce. The contractor complained that even half the hay, for merely his labour, was a hard bargain.—page 69, 70.

The traveller is quite pleased with the Reformer of Bottley, and draws his picture with a friendly pencil. He is, it seems,—

To all in his tone and manner resolute and determined. He feels no hesitation in praising himself, and evidently believes that he is eventually destined to be—(what think you, reader?)—"the Atlas of the British Nation"!!!

My impressions of Mr. Cobbett are, that those who know him would like him, if they can be content to submit unconditionally to his dictation. "Obey me, and I will treat you kindly; if you do not I will trample on you," seemed visible in every word and feature.

But we have allotted enough of notice to this individual, whose opinion that not even a farmer can do better in America than in England, unless he has sons to perform the labour, is corroborated by

every impartial testimony from that country. Every other description of agriculturalist will be injured by a change, and there are not many sorts, even of mechanics, who can earn more by their industry there than here while many, destitute of employment altogether, are driven to daily drudgery in the fields. Thus some poor people (a woman, a girl, and two infants) from Somersetshire, whom the Author overtook on the Alleghany mountains, lamented, when too late, their having left their native soil. They spoke of their country with heart-felt attachment; were sorry that they had ever been persuaded to leave it; they had been told that this was the first place in the world, but they had experienced nothing but difficulty since they had set their foot upon it. The husband was behind dragging on their little all."

Nor was his task easy; a journey through America is not over a Somersetshire turnpike road. The progress of the Emigrants, (travelling in companies for the sake of mutual assistance.)—

In difficult parts of this tract, was so slow as to be hardly perceivable. Ropes were attached to each side of the waggon, at which, while some were pulling, others were most unmercifully, though necessarily, whipping the horses, which dragged the waggon five yards as an effort. The getting these waggon and families over the mountains appeared little less than a continuance of miracles. I was prepared to expect much, but the reality has increased my ideas of the difficulty of this emigration a thousand fold.—page 191.

One of the families thus travelling, was that of the brother-in-law and sister of Captain Riley, whose shipwreck and captivity in Africa has been so much read. As for Mr. Fearon and his fellow passengers in the stage, they were not allowed to stop for dinner on the days when none of the coach proprietors' houses happened to be in their route, and we dare say he wrote with an empty stomach, when nothing was to be had but "rum or whiskey feed."

The character of the mountain inhabitants appears cold, friendless, unfeeling, callous, and selfish. All the emigrants with whom I conversed complained of the enormous charges at taverns. Log houses are the only habitations for many miles.—p. 194.

What the inhabitants are upon the coast, or rather in the cities, for this relates to Philadelphia, we may gather from the following extracts:—

newsmongers.—A practice which has been often referred to in connection with this country, naturally excited my attention. It is that of individuals emigrating

from Europe without money, and paying for their passage by binding themselves to the captain, who receives the produce of their labour for a certain number of years.

Seeing the following advertisement in the newspapers, put in by the captain and owners of the vessel referred to, I visited the ship, in company with a boot-maker of this city:—

"THE PASSENGERS"

"On board the brig Bubona, from Amsterdam, and who are willing to engage themselves for a limited time, to defray the expenses of their passage, consist of persons of the following occupations, besides women and children, viz. 13 farmers, 2 bakers, 2 butchers, 8 weavers, 3 tailors, 1 gardener, 3 masons, 1 mill-sawyer, 1 white-smith, 2 shoe-makers, 3 cabinet-makers, 1 coal-burner, 1 barber, 1 carpenter, 1 stocking-weaver, 1 cooper, 1 wheelwright, 1 brewer, 1 locksmith.—Apply on board of the 'Bubona, opposite Callowhill-street, in the river 'Delaware, or to W. ODLIN and Co. No. 32, 'South Wharves.'—Oct. 2.

As we ascended the side of this bulk, a most revolting scene of want and misery presented itself. The eye involuntarily turned for some relief from the horrible picture of human suffering, which this living sepulchre afforded. Mr — inquired if there were any shoe-makers on board. The captain advanced: his appearance bespoke his office; he is an American, tall, determined, and with an eye that flashes with Algerine cruelty. He called in the Dutch language for shoe-makers, and never can I forget the scene which followed. The poor fellows came running up with unspeakable delight, no doubt anticipating a relief from their loathsome dungeon. Their clothes, if rags deserve that denomination, actually perfumed the air. Some were without shirts, others had this article of dress, but of a quality as coarse as the worst packing cloth. I inquired of several if they could speak English. They smiled, and gabbled, "No Engly, no Engly,—one Engly talk ship." The deck was filthy. The cooking, washing, and necessary departments were close together. Such is the mercenary barbarity of the Americans who are engaged in this trade, that they crammed into one of those vessels 500 passengers, 80 of whom died on the passage. The price for women is about 70 dollars, men 80 dollars, boys 60 dollars. When they saw at our departure that we had not purchased, their countenances fell to that standard of stupid gloom which seemed to place them a link below rational beings.

An interesting occurrence is said to have taken place the other day, in connection with the German Redemptioners (as by a strange misnomer the Dutch are denominated.) A gentleman of this city wanted an old couple to take care of his house;—a man, his wife, and daughter were offered to him for sale;—he purchased them.—They proved to be his father, his mother, and sister!!!

To match this civil, we shall produce a scene of religious abomination. At Philadelphia, the author was led to at-

tend a sect limited to whites, whose place of assembling is called "EBENEZER CHURCH."

I went at eight o'clock in the evening. The door was locked; but the windows being open, I placed myself at one of them, and saw that the church within was crowded almost to suffocation. The preacher indulged in long pauses, and occasional loud elevations of voice, which were always answered by the audience with deep groans. When the prayer which followed the sermon had ended, the minister descended from the pulpit, the doors were thrown open, and a considerable number of the audience departed. Understanding however that something was yet to follow, with considerable difficulty I obtained admission. The minister had departed, the doors were again closed, but about four hundred persons remained. One (apparently) of the leading members gave out a hymn, then a brother was called upon to pray: he roared and ranted like a maniac; the male part of the audience groaned, the female shrieked; a man sitting next to me shouted; a youth standing before me continued for half an hour bawling. "Oh Jesus! come down, come down, Jesus! my dear Jesus, I see you! bless me, Jesus! Oh! oh! oh! Come down, Jesus!" A small space farther on, a girl about 11 years of age was in convulsions: an old woman, who I concluded was her mother, stood on the seat, holding her up in her arms, that her ecstasies might be visible to the whole assembly. In another place there was a convocation of holy sisters, sending forth most awful yells. A brother now stood forward, stating, that "although numbers had gone, he trusted the Lord would that night work some signal favours among his dear lambs." Two sisters advanced towards him, refusing to be comforted, "for the Lord was with them:" another brother prayed—and another, "Brother Macfaddin," was now called upon, and he addressed them with a voice which might almost rival a peal of thunder, the whole congregation occasionally joining responsive to his notes. The madness now became threefold increased, and such a scene presented itself as I could never have pictured to my imagination, and as I trust, for the honour of true religion and of human nature, I shall never see again. Had the inhabitants of Bedlam been let loose, they could not have exceeded it. From forty to fifty were praying aloud and extemporaneously at the same moment of time: some were kicking, many jumping, all clapping their hands and crying out in chorus, "Glory! glory! glory! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! Jesus Christ is a very good friend! Oh God! oh Jesus! come down! Glory! glory! glory! thank you, Jesus! thank you, God! Oh, glory! glory! glory!" Mere exhaustion of bodily strength produced a cessation of madness for a few minutes. A hymn was given out and sung; praying then recommenced; the scene of madness was again acted, with, if possible, increased efforts on the part of the performers. One

of the brothers prayed to be kept from enthusiasm! A girl of six years of age became the next object of attention. A reverend brother proclaimed that she "had just received a visit from the Lord, and was in awful convulsions—so hard was the working of the spirit!" This scene continued for some time; but the audience gradually lessened, so that by ten o'clock the field of active operations was considerably contracted. The women, however, forming a compact column at the most distant corner of the church, continued their shriekings with but little abatement. Feeling disposed to get a nearer sight of the beings who sent forth such terrifying yells, I endeavoured to approach them, but was stopped by several of the brethren, who would not allow of a near approach towards the holy sisterhood. The novelty of this exhibition had, at first sight, rendered it a subject of amusement and interest; but all such feelings soon gave way to an emotion of melancholy horror, when I considered the gloomy picture it represented of human nature, and called to mind that these maniacal fanatics were blaspheming the holy name of Christianity. Notwithstanding my warm love of liberty, I felt that, were I an absolute lawgiver, I would certainly punish and restrain men who thus degraded their nature, who set so wicked an example of religious blasphemy, and so foully libelled the name and character of revelation.

I have since understood that one of the female converts upon this occasion had been turned away from her situation the previous evening for stealing five dollars.

A gentleman informed me that he was at "Ebenezer" a few days since, when the preacher stopped in the midst of his discourse, and directed those among his audience who were for King Jesus to stand up. Numbers of men and women immediately rose, shouting, "I am for Jesus," "I am for Jesus," "I am for King Jesus." "Oh, that I could press him to my bosom!" "There he comes." "I am for King Jesus." I am informed that these exhibitions are neither singular in occurrence nor partial in extent, and feel at a loss to account for such fanatical enthusiasm in this country.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Morier's Second Journey through Persia.

4to. pp. 435.

(Continued.)

We always renew with pleasure our intercourse with this volume. After the dispatch of political business at Teheran, the Ambassador and suite proceeded to Tabriz, where the Prince Royal, Abbas Mirza, held his court, being the chief city of his government. Here they found Persian soldiers, foot, horse, and even horse artillery, disciplined in the European mode, with shaven chins, and English arms and accoutrements. European military honours were added to

those of Persia. This wonderful innovation is the work of the Prince, and bids fair to have an extraordinary effect on the future destiny of the country.

In consequence of taking part in the negotiations between Persia and Russia, the Embassy left Tabriz, on the 7th September, for the Georgian frontier, visiting in this journey a country new to geography. The second day found them upon a region of wild and barren mountains, with the salt river Agi flowing in a deep valley below. The soil is so salt that all the water is brackish.

On the 5th of October, Mr. Morier arrived at the Russian camp on the River Araxes, close at the foot of two very remarkable mounds, said to be the work of Tamerlane, who, in order to leave a testimony to posterity of the immense army under his command, ordered every soldier to fill his horse's *tobrah*, or corn-bag, with earth, and to deposit it in one place. These monuments, however, were not more striking than two others seen shortly after in the valley of Khoi, thus described:—

We rode in the evening to see two *Kelleh Minar* (pillars of skulls), which are the memorials of an extraordinary hunt of Shah Ismael, who in one day is said to have killed a multitude of wild goats, the heads and horns of which were arranged in thick lines round two pillars of brick. Some less credulous, affirm that these heads were the produce of the sport of one year, which I think most likely; although it is allowed that the flocks of goats and antelopes on the mountains to the northward of Khoi, are more numerous than it is easy either to count or to conceive.

From the wood-cut they seem to be from 25 to 30 feet in height, and about five feet in diameter.

It was during this part of their Persian travels that our countrymen rested at Ardebil, a town of about 4000 inhabitants:—

The principal object of curiosity at Ardebil is the mausoleum of Sheikh Sefi, founder of the Seffevian family, which gave so many celebrated kings to the throne of Persia. He lived at Ardebil when Tamerlane conquered Bajazet I., and was so celebrated for his sanctity, that that great conqueror held him in high esteem, and out of regard to him released the prisoners he had made in Asia Minor, whom he had reserved to kill on some extraordinary occasion.

The first approach to the tomb is by the gate at the NW. angle of the town, which leads into a street, composed of a brick wall on the left side, and of the habitations of the priests attached to the foundation, on the right. We then passed through a smaller gateway, faced with slabs of Tabriz marble, which brought us into a court filled with tomb-stones, which by their number

testified the high reputation of the Sheikh among the Persians, who, by being buried in his vicinity, hope to form part of his suite to paradise, on the day of resurrection. The whole exterior of the tombs, as seen from this court, exhibit the approach of ruin. The small cupola which covers the mausoleum of the Sheikh has given way in several places, and has already lost a great number of its varnished tiles, whilst the rents and fissures in the walls do not announce a much longer duration to them.

On entering the first large hall we were stopt by a silver grating, where we were obliged to take off our shoes; and here we remarked the veneration of the Persians for the threshold of a holy place; a feeling that they preserve in some degree even for the threshold of their houses. Before they ventured to cross it they knelt down and kissed it, whilst they were very careful not to touch it with their feet. In writing to a Prince, or a great personage, it is common for them to say, "Let me make the dust of your threshold into *surmeh* (collyrium) for my eyes." The large hall was beautifully painted and ornamented; and from its ceiling were suspended silver lamps and lanterns made of talc, whilst its floor was covered with carpets, upon which, placed upon reading boards, were several copies of the Koran, but which time and use had rendered almost unserviceable. At the furthest end of this hall is the tomb of Sheikh Sefi, and to approach it we mounted one high step, which is bounded by a second silver grating, and then came to a gateway plated with gold, beyond which we were not permitted to advance. Through this gate we discovered the tomb, covered with brocades and shawls, and upon the summit of which were placed branches of feathers, ostriches' eggs, and other ornaments. Among the offerings, a golden ewer, set with precious stones, was the most conspicuous; and this, we were informed, had been presented by Homayoun Shah. This Prince was the son of Bajer Sultan, a lineal descendant of the great Timour or Tamerlane, and occupied the Mogul throne in the year 1530, but owing to a conspiracy formed against him between his brother and his Vizier he was obliged to take refuge in Persia at the court of Shah Thomas, who recovered his throne for him, which he possessed until the year 1552. He was the father to Jeldeddeen Akbar, and ancestor to Jehangier, Shah-jehan, Aurengzebe, and those princes known to us under the title of Great Moguls.

Close to the tomb of the Sheikh are those of his sons, who are said to have commenced these different buildings, but which were completed, beautified, and endowed by the great Shah Abbas. To the left, in a small dark room, is the tomb of Shah Ismael, the first king of the Seffevies, which is overlaid by a very beautiful casement of fine work like mosaic, composed of ivory, tortoise-shell, and turquoises, inlaid with

* Vide d'Herbelot, art. Homaioun.

passages from the Koran, and which, in our estimation, was the most valuable, as well as the most curious object that we had yet seen in this place. This also was a present from Homayoun Shah.

When on the banks of the Araxes a singular phenomenon occurred:—

This part of the country had not been refreshed with rain for forty days, and as ill luck would have it for us, it set in on the day of our arrival, accompanied by unceasing thunder and frequent lightning. It rained during the whole of the night, and so soaked our tents, that they were not in a fit state to be moved, and consequently, we were obliged to remain during the 5th at Nasik. In the evening, we witnessed a very curious phenomenon, the sky was overcast with tempestuous looking clouds, and we were expecting a shower, when a most awful noise was heard, like the rush of a great body of water. Every man in the camp, almost as if by general agreement, ran towards the place whence the noise came, expecting to find a rapid torrent flowing through the bed of a small river adjacent to the camp. Having arrived there, we saw no water. Still the noise increased, and appeared to approach close to us: we then became really alarmed, for nothing could be more awful. Every one expected either a hurricane or an earthquake, when the falling of some very large hail stones, nearly of the size of pigeon's eggs, informed us that the commotion was over our heads; and on looking up, we could plainly discover two violent currents of air impelling the clouds different ways, whose concussion produced the rush which had before appeared inexplicable. The rain drove from their holes many noxious reptiles that infest this part of the country, and we ourselves killed a scorpion, a tarantula, and a snake.

At Erivan, not far distant from the spot where this curious phenomenon was encountered,

The fort has the reputation of being the strongest in Persia, and the failure of the Russians some years ago to take it by storm, has increased its fame an hundred fold; so much so, that the Serdar (commandant) talking about it, said very gravely, "If three or four of the Kings of Fireng (Europe) were to unite to take this castle, they might just take the trouble of going back again, for their labour would be in vain." It stands on one side of an immense precipice of almost perpendicular rock, at the bottom of which flows the river Zengui, and on the other side it is surrounded by a dry ditch, over which are temporary bridges. It has a double range of mud walls, and round towers, which could not stand three hours' good battering. The interior of the fort is in great measure composed of ruined houses. An exceedingly good mosque, built by the Turks, of brick and stone, and crowned with cupolas covered with lead, stands conspicuous in the centre. It is now only used by way of

a storehouse. Not far from it is a place where the Serdar casts and bores guns and makes shot. His palace is also within the fort, and has all the appearance of having once been a fine and substantial building. Its chief apartment opens upon the precipice of the river, and commands a very beautiful view, with the Zengui running close under it. It is from the window of this apartment that the Serdar amuses himself by trying his skill with a gun, and shooting with ball the asses of the peasants who happen to be going along the road on the other side of the river.

The palace occupies nearly one half of the side of the castle towards the river, and the women's apartments, the windows of which are screened with lattice work, look immediately upon the precipice. During the war with Russia, an occurrence took place, which would form a very good foundation for a romance. In one of the predatory excursions into Georgia, the Serdar made prisoner and placed in his harem, a young Georgian maid, who had been betrothed, and was on the point of marriage to a fine youth; the youth followed his mistress to Erivan, and having made known his arrival to her, they managed to escape for a short distance, but their steps were traced, and they were brought back. The lover was ordered to leave Erivan, and as he was going over the bridge of the Zengui, which flows at the bottom of the precipice, his mistress spied him, and threw herself down from the immense height, determining either to join him, or to die in the attempt. Her fall was broken by the intervention of two willows, and she was taken up much bruised, but not very dangerously hurt. It must be told to the honour of the Serdar, that he did not carry his tyranny further, but restored the couple to each other, gave them their liberty, and protection to return to their homes.

This Serdar is, however, a great monopolizer; besides taking one third of their produce from his Armenian peasantry,

Those who interfere with his trade are sure to suffer most severely; yet his rapacity is not always successful, as a story related to us on the spot may prove. During the cessation of arms with the Russians, he prohibited by the orders of his court, but much against his own will, all the *chappours*, or predatory excursions, to which his troops were accustomed. But having heard of a large caravan richly laden, that was travelling from Teflis, he called some of his soldiers about him, and said, "You know that we are strictly ordered to abstain from chappow on the Russian territory, and a caravan is now on its road from Teflis:" the hint was sufficient, and they immediately departed to see what might be done. A few days after, the Serdar's travelling merchant arrived in the greatest distress, saying, that as he was proceeding with the caravan from Teflis with great quantities of rich goods for the Serdar's service, he had been plundered of every thing by a band of

ruffians who had assailed the caravan. The Serdar had in fact robbed himself. His own goods under the care of the merchant had become the prey of his soldiers, and with every inclination to punish them he was obliged for his own credit to overlook the offence.

SIXTY-FIVE SONNETS; with Prefatory Remarks on the accordance of the Sonnet with the powers of the English Language, &c. Anonymous. London 1818. pp. 124.

The author being a writer of Sonnets, in his preface maintains their cause: we, being only readers, and, we confess, generally not very willing or partial readers of Sonnets, will have nothing to do with the argument. One Idea (if indeed there be one) in fetters, is the common lot of this species of composition; and when a rare example of excellence occurs, it must be acknowledged that it is often unmeritedly mingled in contempt with its associating rubbish.

The sixty-five specimens in the volume before us, are divisible, in our estimation, into bad, tolerable, and good. Among the bad, or unworthy, we reckon the xviiith and xxxii^d; among the good or ingenious we class the viiith, xivth, xvth, xxist, and lviiith; and the greater number of the remaining body must be content with our assigning them the rank of tolerable or middling, neither offending by any gross defects, nor delighting by any remarkable beauties.

We shall make our first quotation from the favourable side.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

I will not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or, virgin like, with blushing charms half seen,
Or, when in dazzling splendor like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows;
No, nor that nun-like lily, which but blows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
Nor yet the sun-flower that with warrior mien,
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;—
But thou, neglected wall-flower, to my breast
And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower,
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to root thyself above the rest
As gerkins do, and, from thy rocky tower,
Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

THE MOON IN A STORM.

Look, how the trumpet of the loud-voiced gale
Has roused the waters from their sullen sleep;
Swift rush the banded billows of the deep,
While o'er them peers, with visage broad and pale,
The moon, in sickly splendor; her black veil
Of vapours, shifted by the winds that sweep
Along the deep-hued azure, see her keep
Her watch on high, list'ning the troubled wail,
Viewing the billows heaving from their bed,
As if they aimed the hurrying clouds to lave;
Like fame presiding o'er the battling brave,
She sits, still prompt her fullest light to shed
On the proud crest of each ambitious wave
That highest in the strife shall raise its head.

There are several *anacreontic*, or, as the author writes, "*anacreontique*," and these seem to breathe as genuine an abhorrence of water, as if inspired by the bite of a mad dog instead of Apollo and the Muses. The prettiest fancy in any of these is the following conclusion:

Look, where a tinted rose-leaf, midst our joy,
Hath thrown itself into my brimming glass,
To give the rich, red juice a brighter zest:—
The minutes, thus, thou tell'st us we destroy
In wild unthinkingness, are spent the best,
Shedding a charm on all the rest we pass.

A conceit of this sort is quite enough for a sonnet, but surely it can never be imagined that the mighty soul of Genius can find occasion or room to display itself in such trifles, or within such bounds. That Ireland should not be compared to an *emerald*, but to a *blood-stone*, "which would show at once the greenness and the sanguine stains," is the burthen of another of these poems; and another still, is constructed on the advice to love in old age as well as in youth, since Venus is an evening as well as a morning star. Now this is all very agreeable as far as it goes, but a poor foundation for the lofty pretensions of Sonneteers. Still less can they be supported by fourteen lines which prefer ale to wine, because the latter

- - - All restraint has pride in scorning,
Full soon grows riotous and knocks you down,
Gives you a tossing sickness through the night,
Perhaps a quarrel to adjust next morning.

Or by such thoughts or versification as the following:—

O Woman, thou, who, for an hour of vanity,
Oft doom'st another * to an age of pain,
To mar a heart and cast it back again,
Favours, soft creature, nothing of humanity;
And know, 'tis only reasonless inanity
To ask "what tie can bind thee to retain,"
And say, "the bondage of thy rosy chain
Can little harm the most unstable sanity:"
For, as within the gentlest grasp continuing
The butterfly assured misfortune brings,
So love, alack! is such a tender minion,
That if ye hold him, e'en in silken strings,
Ye chafe the fragile plumage from his wings,
And haply, too, for ever, lame his pinion.

More puerile ideas, a more unfortunate choice of rhymes, and less intelligible meaning, could scarcely be compressed into one sonnet. But we have dwelt long enough on this publication, wherein, as our extracts demonstrate, are to be found some compositions indicative of fancy and talent; and others (such as the preceding) which it is strange that any person possessed of these qualifications could write. A few miscellaneous poems are added to the Sonnets, of nearly similar merits, and rather easy and pleasing than otherwise. The word "*en-*"

spiritment," which is used in the last of them, is unknown to us as an English noun.

Travels in Italy and Sicily. By Augustus William Kephallides.

These Travels, from which, while they were still in the press, we gave the interesting account of the author's "Visit to Mount Etna," (see Nos. 52, 53, 54, of the *Literary Gazette*), are now published. We shall make some further extracts from this well-written and entertaining work.

VENICE.—The ignorance of the Italians in geography already begins to shew itself here. When we shewed to the police officers, who are very polite, our passports to Padua, they first took the name of our native city, Breslau, for our own names, and registered it as such, and then mistook the capital of Silesia for Barcelona in Spain.

ROME.—In many parts you cannot take a step without treading on antiquities a thousand years old. We once saw an antique pedestal, with the half-broken feet of the figure, fixed in a wall as a corner stone; in the square Pescaria lie unsavoury fish troughs, on the broken pillars of a Temple of Juno; in the Forum of Nerva, between the magnificent colonnade of a Temple of Minerva, is a miserable dram shop; and in the golden house of Nero, asses are fed with thistles. In the Colosseum, where formerly men and beasts combated, sacred processions are made with bells and censers; and, but a short time ago, flowers blossomed against the house of a poor family, which had fixed itself between the pillars of the Temple of Concord, where Cicero poured forth the thunders of his eloquence against the wretched Catiline. A paltry traffic is carried on in the theatre of Marcellus; and we could not enter the sepulchre of the virtuous Caius Publius, the inside of it being hung full of hams and sausages.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.—It is highly probable that they were all built on a very small scale. This is proved by the existing remains of Roman temples and similar edifices. The three great halls on the *via sacra*, whether they belonged to the Temple of Peace which Vespasian, according to the testimony of ancient writers, made the largest and most magnificent in Rome, or to some other public building, form one of the greatest ruins of their kind; and yet they are scarcely as large as one of the chapels attached to St. Peter's in the Vatican. The church of St. Lorenzo, in Miranda, one of the smallest and most inconsiderable in Rome, is, however, fully as large as the celebrated Temple of Faustina: the great effect which all ancient buildings produce upon the mind and the eye, has most likely been the cause that a far too high idea has been given of their size. The Temple of the Olympian Jupiter at Girgenti (Agrigentum), was the most colossal of antiquity, and so large, that it was indeed never finished, yet peo-

ple flocked from all quarters to see it; and how diminutive is it, compared to the largest churches of Europe! not to mention St. Peter's. The dwelling-houses must have been still more confined, which is most clearly to be seen at Pompeii. The ancients in their houses must have crowded one upon another like swine. People, before they examine the remains of antiquity, should carefully clip the wings of all extravagant ideas.

TIVOLI.—We would advise no traveller, particularly if he has seen Sicily, or the environs of Naples, to make the little journey from Rome to Tivoli with great hopes of finding remarkable antiquities, as there is nothing to be seen besides some pillars of the Villa of Mæcenas, except the very picturesque, indeed, but extremely confused ruins of the immense Villa of Adrian:—of all the other villas, of which Tivoli was the centre, there are scarcely any traces. On the other hand, how inconceivably charming and delightful, in this loveliest spot of Italy, is Nature. Never did the fancy of a Poussin or of a Claude Lorraine, dream of a landscape, so complete in itself, so soft, diversified, and wondrously sweet, as Nature really paints at Tivoli before our eyes. Where are the olive trees so fresh and green, the pines and cypresses so slender and lofty, the mountains so beautifully rounded, and so wildly torn? Where do the crystal-waters so rush in milk-white streams down the rocks, the brows of which are crowned with ruins two thousand years old? Where is the sky so blue and golden, the air so balsamic, and the evening red so glowing? No Idyl of Theocritus equals the poetic charm of this delicious Paradise.

THE ROMAN NOBILITY.—Many of them are dreadfully reduced by the circumstances of the times: thus Prince Rospoli thanks God that he has become Burgomaster in Tivoli; he who was once the possessor of a palace, the staircase of which alone was worth half a million. (The *Scala de' Gaetani*.)

THE MUSEUM OF KIRCHER, AT ROME.—Here, among other rarities, we saw an old skait hanging up. Upon our expressing our surprise at it, we were told that it was an instrument the Turks made use of. Thus, in the Vatican, a volume of German poems, in the title-page of which there were some *asterisks*, were set down in the catalogue as a *Treatise on Astronomy*.

THE COLOSSEUM.—The aspect of the Amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasianus, is beyond every thing colossal, and almost oppressive. The rent walls tower into the evening sky, and the moon shines through the compartments of the upper story, as if it were a lantern suspended in the midst of the vast edifice. This awe-inspiring sight, shews at once the character and the energy of all the ages of Rome together, for the Colosseum rises with such commanding majesty and savage gloom, from its profound sepulchre to the skies, that it seems to threaten to crush the whole world like a dwarf. After the Ave Maria you may not enter in it; and that it may not become

* Quære woman.

the abode of robbers, guards are stationed at the entrances. Nay, even when we approached it a little too near, the Popish soldiers, thinking undoubtedly no good of us, called to us, alarmed, "Remain a stone's throw from me, or else I shall fire!" In reality these guards have their arms generally loaded with ball.

History of the Revolutions of Norway, &c.
By J. P. Catteau Calleville.

(Concluded.)

The Danish monarch and one of the Princes having visited England, Olafus Haraldson, a branch of the royal family, took advantage of their absence to reascend the throne of his ancestors. He had fought as an adventurer in Great Britain, Spain, and Italy. He appeared before his mother in all the pomp of a conqueror and a king, triumphed over his rivals, carried off the daughter of the king of Sweden, established Christianity in his dominions, and waged war against Canute the Great, king of Denmark, who required that he should relinquish a portion of Norway. He was repulsed by this formidable rival; but he returned at the head of a numerous army of Swedes, rallied three thousand of his subjects, and perished like a monarch at the battle of Stiklastad, in August 1033. He was sur-named the *Great* during his lifetime, and was made a Saint after his death. Churches were erected to his memory, in all the empires of the north of Europe. The kings of Norway were crowned under his auspices, and he was regarded as the Patron of the kingdom.

The battle of Stiklastad having placed Norway under the dominion of Canute the Great, who already possessed the crowns of Denmark and England, he transferred it to his son Sweyn, whose mother was an English concubine. Sweyn, instead of taking measures to legitimize his usurpation, did all that would have overthrown the most legitimate government. He conferred honours on the Danes, loaded the Norwegians with taxes and humiliations, and provoked by every means the pride and hatred of his subjects.

Prince Magnus, the son of St. Olafus, who had fled to Russia, took advantage of their just discontent. He appeared in Norway, was acknowledged by the nation, and constantly proved himself worthy of his happiness. Attacked by an ambitious individual of his own family, he experienced the fidelity of his people. Harald, his uncle and rival, would have failed in his enterprise had he not been assisted by the Swedes. Through them he obtained a share of the Norwegian crown, of which, on the death of Magnus, he became sole possessor. This Monarch is the only one who was supported by his subjects, because he is the only one who considered their interests in his institutions and pacific administration. The cruel Harald was not formed to enjoy his inheritance. He carried on an obstinate war against Sweyn, king of Denmark,

ravaged the Danish coasts, and even carried his barbarity so far as to throw a number of women and children into the sea, to lighten the burden of his ships during a tempest. In the account of this war, our historian does not agree with Meursius; he differs from him on a number of essential points; but the version of Torfilus, which he adopts, is founded on acts the date and authenticity of which cannot be doubted.

Harald III. turned his arms and his ambition towards England, immediately after the death of Edward the Confessor, whose crown was disputed by the son of Godwin and William the Conqueror. Harald of Norway sailed to England with six hundred ships, gained two pitched battles, and took the city of York. A third battle, however, decided the victory in favour of the English. "What will you grant him?" said one of Harald's Lieutenants to the son of Godwin, previous to this last battle—"Seven feet of ground," replied the English Prince. The Norwegian indeed gained no more. He perished amidst the confusion; but twenty days after, his proud adversary shared the same fate on the field of Hastings.

The dynasty of the Ynglingians subsequently produced twenty Princes more or less celebrated, who, during the space of two hundred and fifty years, hurled each other from the throne, and covered Norway with the corpses of their subjects, or of the auxiliaries which were sent to them by neighbouring monarchs. Amidst these disorders, in which all right was decided by force, the ambition of the Archbishops of Drontheim, the Primate of the kingdom, was remarkable:—they constantly endeavoured to raise their patriarchal mitre above the crown. One of these Prelates, taking advantage of the infancy of Magnus V. and the imbecility of his guardian, stipulated that in future the crown should be at the disposal of St. Olafus, the patron of his Metropolitan See; reserving to himself the privilege of awarding it, in the name of the holy king, with the consent of the bishops, abbots, and nobles. About a century after, Magnus VI. destroyed this compact, so injurious to the dignity of the throne. The Archbishop, however, maintained the right of coining money, and his successors frequently endeavoured to resume their authority; they bathed the kingdom in blood, on account of their politics, and always headed the party in opposition to the Monarch; but Luther's reformation penetrated into Norway and destroyed this haughty power.

Among this multitude of kings, who may almost be termed a race of barbarians, some extraordinary characters occasionally rose up. M. Catteau Calleville has collected a number of noble traits, which rouse the attention, and excite in the mind of the reader a kind of chivalrous elevation and enthusiasm. Sverrer, one of the greatest heroes which this dynasty produced, was reared amidst the tumult of factions. He was on the point of being assassinated among the mountaineers of

Dalecarlia, but he overpowered his foes by his eloquence. He possessed himself of the throne by feats of valour, and maintained his power successively against the people, the priests, the nobles, and foreign armies. When excommunicated by Celestine III. at the instigation of the Archbishop of Drontheim, who refused to officiate at his coronation, Sverrer smiled at the fury of the Vatican, made his Confessor a Bishop, and obtained the royal unction in his own way. His clergy were reduced to the necessity of predicting that he would be devoured by wild beasts; but the hero, when on the point of expiring, insisted on being carried out in the midst of the people, to prove that the prophets had spoken falsely, and that he should die a natural death. His heirs were so proud of his memory, that, in their public acts, they frequently took the title of *Descendants of the Great Seerrer*.

About a hundred years later, at the commencement of the 14th century, the last male of this family died. The female branch conveyed the crown to the house of the Folkungians, who possessed the throne of Sweden, and who, becoming extinct in their turn, left to Margaret of Waldemar the glory of founding a powerful empire, by the union of the three crowns of the north. From that time Norway had no particular sovereign. The sport and victim of the families who rose up in Denmark and Sweden, and who contended for the triple diadem, Norway passed from one to the other according to the caprices of that fortune which is too often the accomplice of tyranny and iniquity. It finally became subject to Denmark, and was governed by the Counts of Holstein Oldenburg, whom the Danish Senators raised to the throne of Copenhagen. The slave of a foreign destiny, the only glory of Norway is to have produced some illustrious navigators, who have re-discovered Greenland, sought a northern passage to America, and fought to make the Danish flag respected in the wars in which France, Holland, and England have contended for the empire of the ocean. The people of Norway no longer interfered in the political transactions of Denmark, except for the maintenance of their privileges. They, by degrees, accustomed themselves to the sad dependence to which fate had reduced them; and, though Norway had descended from the rank of a nation to that of a province, they valiantly defended the integrity of their territory against the armies of Sweden. There fell that madman, Charles XII., whose follies have had so great an influence on the fate of Poland and Europe, by the increase which they gave to the Muscovite power.

The three kingdoms of the North enjoyed long tranquillity after his death. The Norwegians drew resources from their mines and forests, extended their trade, devoted themselves to the arts and sciences, and founded academies, which have produced illustrious poets and philosophers. The French revolution extended its influence even to this nation, so near the pole, and king Charles John has at length united it

to Sweden, from which it could never have been separated but in defiance of the laws of nature. M. Catteau Calleville, aware that those events which are nearest us, most powerfully excite our curiosity, has entered into a minute detail of this union. He has annexed to his second volume the acts which resulted from it, the speeches of Charles John Bernadotte to the Norwegians, and the proclamations of that Prince on his accession to the throne.—We have said enough to prove the merit of this work; we must, however, observe, that one half of the second volume is far from being so interesting as the rest. The Norwegians are no longer brought before us, and the subject of the two last chapters having previously been treated by the historians of Sweden and Denmark, the Author could only repeat what they have said before him. The first six chapters, on the contrary, are full of novelty, and present a vast fund of entertainment and information. Perhaps the style is not entirely free from faults; but these faults are too trifling to injure the success of such a work.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

By Alexander Wilson.

(Concluded.)

We conclude our extracts from this entertaining and useful work, with an account of the extraordinary habits of

The Passenger Pigeon.

Columba Migratoria. Vol. IV. p. 102.

The Wild Pigeon of the United States inhabits a wide and extensive region of North America, on this side of the Great Stony mountains, beyond which, to the westward, I have not heard of their being seen. According to Mr. Hutchins they abound in the country round Hudson's Bay, where they usually remain as late as December, feeding, when the ground is covered with snow, on the buds of juniper. They spread over the whole of Canada—were seen by Captain Lewis and his party near the Great Falls of the Missouri, upwards of two thousand five hundred miles from its mouth, reckoning the meanderings of the river—were also met within the interior of Louisiana, by Colonel Pike, and extend their range as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, occasionally visiting or breeding in almost every quarter of the United States.

But the most remarkable characteristic of these birds is their associating together in their migrations, and also during the period of incubation, in such prodigious numbers, as almost to surpass belief; and which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribes on the face of the earth, with which naturalists are acquainted.

These migrations appear to be undertaken rather in quest of food, than merely to avoid the cold of the climate, since we find them lingering in the northern regions around Hudson's Bay so late as December; and since their appearance is so casual and ir-

regular, sometimes not visiting certain districts for several years in any considerable numbers, while at other times they are innumerable. I have witnessed these migrations in the Genessee country—often in Pennsylvania, and also in various parts of Virginia; with amazement; but all that I then saw of them were mere straggling parties, when compared with the congregated millions, which I have since beheld in our western forests, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and the Indiana territory. These fertile and extensive regions abound with the nutritious beech nuts, which constitute the chief food of the Wild Pigeon. In seasons when these nuts are abundant, corresponding multitudes of Pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometimes happens, that having consumed the whole produce of the beech trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance perhaps of sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day or in the evening, to their place of general rendezvous, or, as it is usually called, the *roosting-place*. These roosting-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girded with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable had made its appearance.

When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distances visit them in the night with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks, and load their horses with them. By the Indians, a Pigeon-roost, or breeding-place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependance for that season, and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion. The *breeding-place* differs from the former in its greater extent. In the western countries, above mentioned, these are generally in the beech woods, and often extend in nearly a straight line across the country for an immense way. Not far from Shelbyville, in the state of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places, which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction, was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in length. The Pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the 25th of May.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous

parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with waggon, axes, beds, cooking utensils,—many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses; and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab Pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, on which herds of dogs were fastening. Hawks, Buzzards, and Eagles, were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of Pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber, for now the axemen were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing one young bird only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitude above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves, while the clothes of those engaged in traversing the woods were completely covered with the excrements of the Pigeons.

When the author was in this part he saw the remains of the vast aviary he has described, but the Pigeons were then settled about 80 miles off, near Green River; and his own observation of their daily flight in search of food, and return, confirms the most exaggerated report of their incalculable multitude. For many hours the living torrent poured ever head, as thick as the birds could crowd together, and as far as the eye could see. The breadth of the body was also very considerable—several miles; as was also their new breeding-place.

It was said to be in Green County, and that the young began to fly about the middle of March. On the seventeenth of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green River, I crossed this same breeding-place, where the nests, for more than three miles, spotted every tree; the leaves not being yet put, I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. A few bodies of Pigeons lingered yet in different parts of the woods, the roaring of whose wings was heard in various quarters around me.

All accounts agree in stating, that each nest contains only one young squab. These are so extremely fat, that the Indians, and many of the whites, are accustomed to melt down the fat for domestic purposes, as a substitute for butter and lard. At the time they leave their nest, they are nearly as heavy as the old ones, but become much leaner after they are turned out to shift for themselves.

It is universally asserted in the western countries, that the Pigeons, though they have only young ones one at a time, breed thrice, and sometimes four times, in the same season; the circumstances already mentioned render this highly probable. It is also worthy of observation, that this takes place during that period when acorns, beech nuts, &c. are thereabout in the greatest abundance, and mellowed by the frost. But they are not confined to these alone; buckwheat, hempseed, Indian corn, holly-berries, hack-berries, huckle-berries, and many others, furnish them with abundance at almost all seasons. The acorns of the live oak are also eagerly sought after by these birds, and rice has been frequently found in individuals killed many hundred miles northward of the nearest rice plantation. The vast quantity of mast which these multitudes consume, is a serious loss to the bears, pigs, squirrels, and other dependents on the fruits of the forest. I have taken from the crop of a single Wild Pigeon, a good handful of the kernel of beech nuts, intermixed with acorns and chesnuts. To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the numbers of that above mentioned as seen in passing between Frankfort and the Indiana territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth (and I believe it to have been much more,) and that it moved at the rate of one mile in a minute; four hours, the time it continued passing, would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three Pigeons; the square yard in the whole space multiplied by three, would give two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and seventy-two thousand Pigeons! An almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual amount. Computing each of these to consume half a pint of mast daily, the whole quantity at this rate would equal seventeen millions four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day! Heaven has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight, and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth; otherwise, they must have perished in the districts where they resided, or devoured up the whole productions of agriculture as well as those of the forests.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR AUGUST 1818.

I. Collection of the Historians of the Gauls and of France, tome XVII. containing

the first part of the monuments of the reigns of Philip Augustus and of Louis VIII. from the year 1180 to 1226. By M. Brial, ancient Benedictine Monk of the Congregation of St. Maur, Member of the Institute of France and of the Legion of Honour. folio.

The Journal des Savans has successively given an account, from the year 1739 to 1787, of the first thirteen volumes of this important collection, the whole of which has been compiled by the learned Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur. The first eight volumes were published by Dom Bonquet, from the year 1737 to 1752; the 9th was finished by two of his brethren, J. B. Handiquier and Charles Handiquier, who also published the 10th, and assisted in composing the 11th, with three other Benedictines. These eleven volumes brought down the collection of the French historians to the death of Henry I. in 1060. The 12th and 13th volumes, relating to the three following reigns, are principally the work of Dom Clement; but his colleague, M. Brial, began at that time to contribute to this work, and having now added to it four other volumes, he is, next to Dom Bonquet, the person who has had the greatest share in it. This vast collection is so well known to all who study the history of France, and at the same time so little calculated for the general reader, that the *Literary Gazette* may be dispensed from entering into a particular analysis of the very able critique of M. Dannou on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th volumes, published by M. Brial, particularly of the last. We shall, therefore, only say, that he declares, that far from having lost any of its claims to the esteem of the learned world, the work has rather acquired new titles to the approbation of enlightened men. We may observe, that from the intimate connection between France and England, these volumes contain important documents relative to the history of our own country, particularly letters of our Kings, and other distinguished characters, such as Henry II. and St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c.

II. Walpole's Memoirs relative to European and Asiatic Turkey.

Having ourselves given, in several Numbers, an account of this valuable work, we have no occasion to enter into the critique of M. Letronne, which fills fourteen pages in quarto, and thus concludes:—"The very abridged, and consequently rather dry analysis, which we have given of the forty memoirs which form this collection, appears, however, calculated to shew its importance and utility: it is a book which the lovers of antiquity cannot dispense with in their library. They will find scarcely any thing to desire, except a little more order in the arrangement of the materials. It is indeed to be regretted, that the different pieces have not been placed methodically, in a geographical order, that all those relating to the same country might be found together; we recommend it to the editor to attend to this in a subsequent edition."

IV. Collection of the best ancient Spanish Romances. By Ch. B. Depping.

We cannot form a just idea of the merit of Spanish literature, without having appreciated those ancient romances, which are celebrated not only on account of the historical traditions which they have consecrated, but also of the noble, simple, and affecting character which distinguishes them. Among the ancient Spaniards, the romance was a short and popular song, which, according to the occasion and the object, had the elevated style of the ode, the plaintive accents of the elegy, or the unaffected grace and the simplicity of the eclogue. Art never appears in these monuments of ancient times: an easy and simple style expresses with truth the facts which the poets relate without affectation, and inspires the sentiments which they feel. These romances have the precious advantage of adapting themselves to all times and all affections, and we find in them a variety, inexhaustible as nature which dictated them. Yet the books which contain them are not often met with. The "*Romanero general*," which is the most important collection, is very scarce and very dear. It has long been wished that a man of letters, equal to the task, might employ his talents in making a selection of the principal romances; in classing them in such a manner, as to place those together which belong to the same species; in adding some explanations, whether historical or literary; and above all, some grammatical notes, of which they are sometimes in need, on account of the variation of the language. M. Depping has fulfilled this wish, with the exception of the grammatical notes, which did not enter into his plan.

The selection which he now presents to us, is not only made with taste, but is the most considerable that has been published out of Spain; and though it has appeared in Germany, and in the absence of the editor, the text is generally correct.

The edition is divided into four parts, with a preface in the German language. The first division contains 194 historical romances, relative to history; from the siege of Numantia to the fall of the Goths, and the expulsion of the Moors. The second contains forty-nine romances on subjects of chivalry; the third fifty-five Moorish romances; and the fourth, forty-six mixed romances, including all those which do not especially belong to one of the preceding classes. The preface, which is an essay on the Spanish romances in general, and on the above four divisions, concludes with a bibliographical notice of the principal collection of Spanish Romances hitherto published.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ROYAL EVENING CONVERSATIONS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

MR. EDITOR, *Leamington Spa, Oct. 15, 1818.*
Sitting the other morning over a cup of coffee at this place, whither I have come on a lounging expedition for a short time,

and looking over an old volume of pamphlets, which I had bought the preceding day, I came to a number of "the Court Miscellany for April 1766," containing the following article: "Extract from the Royal Mornings, a new work just published;" prefaced with these very just remarks: "A satirical work, written against the King of Prussia, and ascribed to M. La Beaumelle,* hath just made its appearance. To be subject to satire, is the tax that even the most unspotted virtue must pay. It is, however, a bad morality to ascribe, as M. Beaumelle here does, apparent virtues to vicious motives. The virtues are seen, the motives are a secret, and none should maliciously divine them." It then goes on with the 4th morning:—"On private Politics," in the same sense, though not in so elegant a garb, as the translation of your learned correspondent Dr. Carey. Having derived much pleasure from the perusal of these "Soirées, ou Matinées Royales,"† I thought the above information would be acceptable to you, and have accordingly sent it, to make what use of it you think proper.

Remaining, Sir,
Your well-wisher,
IGNOTUS.

* Who was M. La Beaumelle?

† "Tis strange" there should be as much difference between Dr. C. and your Correspondent in this particular, as between *light* and *dark*; surely their copies (as it is evident there was more than one edition) are not alike, and thence the variation in their translations.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, OCTOBER 24.

On Saturday, October 10, the first day of Michaelmas term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. Andrew Edwards, Deputy of Magdalen College; Rev. Wm. Gurney, of St. Edmund Hall.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Mr. Josiah Forshall, and Mr. Thomas Snow, of Exeter College.

Thursday, October 22d, the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN MEDICINE.—Archibald, Billing, incorporated from the University of Dublin, grand compounder, and licensed to practise in Medicine.

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.—Rev. John Davison, late Fellow of Oriel College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. John Greenly, of Christ Church; Mr. George Rust, of Brasenose College; Rev. George Du Heaume, of Pembroke College; Rev. George Martin, of New College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Mr. Robert Everest, Scholar of University College; Mr. John Ogle, Mr. Henry Edward Steward, and Mr. William Wilkinson, of Christ Church; Mr. Thomas Hayton, of Queen's College; Mr. Thomas Alexander Boswell, of Brasenose College; Mr. James Norris, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 23.

The Rev. Richard Duffield, Fellow of St. John's College, and the Rev. Charles Mus-

grave, Fellow of Trinity College, were on Wednesday last elected Pro-Proctors for the ensuing year.

The Rev. James Saliabury Dunn, and Rev. James Bagge, of St. John's College, were on the same day admitted Masters of Arts.

The Rev. Clement Strong, of St. John's College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

The Royal Literary Society of Warsaw, in its sitting of the 20th of June, 1818, proposed a prize, consisting of a gold medal, and 100 ducats (50*l.* sterling), for an historic eulogy on General Thaddeus Kosciusko. The Society gives two years for the task. The work may be written in the Polish, Latin, French, English, German, or Italian languages. The authors, on sending their manuscripts to the Literary Society of Warsaw, also are to send a sealed billet, containing respectively their names, places of residence, and the epigraphs which are placed at the head of the composition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

[Translated from a Letter addressed to the Editor of the *Moniteur*.]

Having recently received from Stockholm and Christiana some literary intelligence concerning Sweden and Norway, I do myself the honour to enclose it, and beg that you will have the goodness to give it a place in your useful Journal.

Some time ago the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, employed M. Nilson of the University of Lund, who is the author of several valuable works, to perform a tour along the coast of Norway, with instructions to make Ornithology his principal object. M. Nilson has lately communicated to the Academy an account of this voyage, in which he has made a great number of interesting observations, and even discoveries. The Academy has also contributed its aid towards the expense of a minerographic and geodesic tour in Sweden, and for the continuation of the meteorologic observations in Lapland.

The funds which the Academy has obtained through the munificence of several enlightened patriots, have lately been augmented by a considerable donation from M. Dalberg, one of our Members, and Councillor of the Department of the Mines. The Academy, to express its gratitude to him, has struck a medal in his honour, with this inscription:—"Socio, nature Studiosissimo, amplis maneribus donata, Academia r.g. Scientiarum, 1816. But, on the other hand, this learned Society has experienced a serious loss by the death of M. Olaus Swartz, who was for several years its Secretary. This office has always been filled by men eminent for their learning, such as Elvius Wargentin and

M. Landerhielm. M. Swartz was not less distinguished than his predecessors in the career of the sciences, and his works on Botany are justly regarded as classic. He had travelled in America, and in several parts of Europe. Last year the Academy of Sciences at Paris chose him for one of its correspondents.

He discharged his duty of Secretary with equal zeal and ability; and his correspondence with the learned men of Europe was no less distinguished for taste and amenity than for science and erudition. Having been long intimate with him at Stockholm, I have had opportunities of forming an estimate of the nobleness of his sentiments, his readiness to oblige, and his zeal in the propagation of useful knowledge. He was long since created a Knight of Wasa, and had within these few years been invested with the decoration of the Polar Star. He died at the age of 58.

The Royal Library of Stockholm possesses a great number of Icelandic MSS. to which little attention has for a length of time been paid, and which were known only to a few men of letters, who, in consequence of their researches into Northern Antiquities, were induced to consult them. M. Lilliegren, Professor at Lund, is now employed in translating them. He has already published a volume which will soon be followed by several others. Icelandic literature has, within these few years, obtained great attention in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, as well as in England and Germany.

M. Brunnus, another member of the University of Lund, has discovered a great number of inscriptions cut in rocks, which appear to be of a very high antiquity. Letters from Sweden state that they are a kind of hieroglyphics. This discovery is to form the subject of a work which M. Brunnus has already commenced. In the meanwhile, he has published an Essay, to give a general idea of the discovery, and of his opinion on the nature of the inscriptions.

According to the list of the University of Christiana in Norway, there were at the commencement of the present year, eighteen Professors, giving lectures in philosophy, theology, the learned languages, mathematics, astronomy, technology, natural history, jurisprudence, statistics, and political economy. M. Orry, a French gentleman, attached to the University, gives a course of lectures on the French language and literature.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

CATTEAU CALLEVILLE,
Of the Academy of Sciences of
Paris, Oct. 18th. Stockholm, &c.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

(Latest accounts.)

On this subject we are still obliged to draw our intelligence from the Newspapers.

Information from Captain Muirhead, of the ship *Larkins*.—

Left the ice on the 23d Aug. lat. 75. 32. N. long. 51. W.

On the 18th of August he last saw the Discovery Ships, rounding a Cape, supposed to be in 76. N. lat. 52. W. At that time he was in 75. 46. N. (the farthest he had been this year), long. 51. 30. The ships Ariel and Everthorp, of Hull, were close to them.

The Larkins remained fast to some ice from the 13th to the 18th of August. Captain Muirhead observed a great deal of water to the N.W., and conceived, when the wind came off the land, that it would make a clearance for the Discovery Ships to get much further to the Northward, particularly as the ice was then breaking up fast.

The weather was getting much clearer, from the frost taking place in the night.

Captain Muirhead appears very sanguine as to the ships succeeding, not only from what he has stated, but from observations which he made last year, when he got as far as 76. 15. N. and where he had a very heavy sea from the Northward, depending, in his opinion, on a large tract of water being in that direction. At that time (1st August 1817) he could not see any ice, nor did he find any until he got back to 75. 30. N.

Captain Muirhead found in lat. 76. N. eight points westerly variation.

The Officers and men were quite well when the Larkins last communicated with them.

It may be remarked that the longitude here given is from that of Greenland, as laid down in the charts, which Captain Ross discovered to be *ten degrees* too far to the Eastward—the real position of the ships on the 18th of August was 76. N. long. 62. W.

A letter from Mr. W. Hurst, Master of the ship *Ariel*, Stromness, October 8, says—

A heavy gale came on on the 9th August from the Southward, and we got close beset amongst heavy flaws of ice, where we were detained till the 3d September, without any possibility of getting out. The ship was in great danger while we were beset, but happily we escaped clear off, and I observed in lat. 76. 8. N. and there found an open sea. We stood off to the Westward for 12 hours, and met with no ice. The Discovery Ships got out of sight of us about the middle of August, and, from the appearance it had when we left the ice, I doubt not but they may find their wished-for passage.

Thus it appears that the *Isabella* and *Alexander* were to the Northward of 76. three weeks before the *Ariel* had the run to the Westward in an open sea, free from all ice. It is therefore probable that should they not be able to reach Behrings' Straits, they will pass the winter in the Hyperborean Sea, on the Northern shore of America.

THE FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WILLIAM GRANT, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS,

*Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A.
to be placed in the Rolls Court.*

In the arts, as well as in literature, the appearance of ease is the effect of great knowledge united with great skill and labour; such is the Portrait we have had the pleasure of contemplating in the gallery of Sir Thomas Lawrence: and although we have every reason to believe that this artist, according to the well-known maxim of his great predecessor Sir Joshua Reynolds, pursues the practice of doing his best on whatever he is employed; yet there are subjects, as well as times, when the efforts are so happily exerted, that of such works it may truly be said, they were done *con amore*.

The Portrait of Sir William Grant is a whole-length: he is seated, and in the robes of office, which are well calculated for the purposes of art, as the black figured silk is relieved by the gold lacings, which descend from the top to the bottom, and break the monotony which might otherwise prevail in so large a mass of black.

The attitude is most happily suited: the right leg is crossed over the left, and the right hand holds a paper, while the left rests upon the elbow of the chair. The hands, as well as all the parts, are beautifully painted, and might well deserve a separate notice; but nothing can draw our attention from the head: sedate and contemplative, it inspires respect, and seems to assure us of the talent which led to the station so eminently filled by the original.

The colouring is rich, and the breadth by which the whole is sustained is most judicious; and when we observe that it is in the artist's best manner, we mean to say (though a little paradoxical) that it has less of manner than most of what we have seen from his hand; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that it would do credit to any age, or any country.

From this plan of decorating our Court, and Halls with the portraits of eminent and deserving men, the arts may derive that encouragement which our churches have declined to give; nor do we think that subjects of an historical and national character should be excluded from a place along with the portraits in these public offices.

A portrait of Joseph Neeld, Esq. Principal of Clement's Inn, is to be hung up in the hall of that place. It is painted by H. P. Bone, Esq. son of H. Bone, Esq. R. A. and painter in enamel to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

This portrait is a half-length, and in addition to a most approved and excellent likeness, does great credit to the talents of the artist. It is painted with truth and accuracy, the colouring is clear, the posture easy, and the effect good. As a whole, this work places Mr. Bone in a highly respectable line in his profession.

We rarely step into private galleries for the purpose of publicly noticing their contents; but these Portraits seem from their nature to belong to the public before they reach an Exhibition room, and on this ground have claimed our anticipation of their appearance in such a place.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

Annual Public Sitting of the Academy of Fine Arts, Oct. 3d, 1818.

This sitting attracted a vast deal more company than could conveniently be accommodated in the *Salle*. The Chevalier Lemot presided. M. Quatremere de Quincy, as perpetual Secretary, read over the names of the painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and musical composers, who had obtained prizes; and M. Garnier, the historical painter, delivered a report on the works sent to Paris by the students of the French Academy at Rome.

Two historical notices were read by M. Quatremere, one on MM. Dejours and Leconte, sculptors, and the other on the life and compositions of Monsigny. These documents, which were replete with excellent reflections and entertaining anecdotes, were listened to with the deepest interest. What we most admire in the manner of M. Quatremere de Quincy, is the facility with which he passes

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

M. Garnier's report contained many useful observations, and the opinion of the reporter on the works transmitted from Rome, could not fail to be highly interesting to the students of the Academy.

The prizes were then distributed to the several successful candidates, but it does not appear that any work of extraordinary merit was produced. On the contrary, several of the Journals contend that the first prizes should in some cases have been withheld.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*Literary Gazette.*]

NIGHT-DREAMS—LIFE-DREAMS.

"Life is a dream," and "rounded by a sleep,"
A heavy sleep, and oh! a sorrowing dream,
And wild, and fever'd: be its closing deep—
Oblivious as Lethe's fabled stream,
Untroubled by one soul-reviving beam,
Lest I should wake again to some new race,
Vext as the past: of which I well might deem
'Twas as Night's broken minutes, through whose
space
Things hideous, fearful, agonizing, all held place.

Yet innocent and beautiful the forms
In opening vision o'er my senses play:
Serene the Heav'ns, as if there ne'er were storms,
And bright, as if eternal were the day.
With my companions, how I bound away,
Rude-laughing at each freak, careless and free.
Ah! merry little fools, in frolic gay
How we disport, brimful of nature's glee:
I wake, 'tis past—'tis gone—the dream of In-
fancy.

Arcadian bowers! were ever bowers so fair
As these I thread? was ever painted mead
Like this I move upon? whose flowerets rare,
All that the earth e'er perfected exceed!
Such gorgeous colours, and such shapes indeed,
As win the eye to gaze, as if delight
Would ceaseless on the dazzling wonder feed
Increasing; while to spoil this scene so bright,
Is near nor sting, nor thorn, nor snake, nor en-
vious blight.

And on my arm She leans, who fairer still
Makes all this paradise; my promis'd bride!
Soul-joined, of love, and joy, we grate our fill,
As wandering all adown that river's side,
Years coming, like its pure waves, placid glide.
Ah, faithless bank! why tempted I thy brink?
Precipitate, and plunging in the tide,
Love's dream is o'er! I struggle, gasp, and sink,
And she her troth and fate doth with another
link!

A shadowy Spectre, of tremendous power,
Approaches dimly; stretching forth an arm
Impalpable, its finger points an hour—
It drags me on resistless; magic's charm
Hath not, nor ever had, such gift of harm.
That hour is death, and all between is pain,
Racking the joints, freezing the life-blood warm.
Thou art *Disease*, thou spectre of the brain,
Night's grimly visitant—in life man's direst bane.

Horror! 'tis on my limbs, my breast, my soul,
The fell Hag rides; nor motion, breath, nor life
Are mine—so dead, and heavy her control,
I cannot even groan for help: her knife
Is in my heart—pangs through each nerve are
rife.—

Exulting see the demon bloat and swell
O'er the poor victim's faint and dying strife:
Her name the Night-mare, as weak dreamers tell,
But *Poverty* it is: which makes this world a hell.

Were not that power to shriek for help denied,
How friends would rush to chase the fiend afar!
With such I converse hold, though yet untried,
Whose sympathies congenial, know no jar,
But, born beneath one influencing star,
Admiring, hating, loving, each the same;
Fixed in esteem, no accident can mar,
Ready to aid, as either aid may claim,
All human parallels, and differing but in frame.

From books, from social bliss, to Nature's store
We range together—Now the bright orb'd sky
We scan with wonder, and its Lord adore;
Now earth we meditate—now ocean eye,
In all its grandeur from this rock on high,
Whence to the shore dare scarcely Fancy creep—
Yet down the impaling precipices I
Am hurl'd—*Friends* help! they dash'd me o'er
the steep—
And mock these dreams—thank Heaven, all
rounded by a sleep.

21th October.

TEUTHA.

FRAGMENT.

— And what's her history?
A blank, my Lord.—*Twelfth Night.*

Yes—I remember well how beautiful
I used to think her, as she lay in slumber,
In the cool evening hour, upon her couch,
Before the open lattice, which the vines
Half veiled with drooping wreaths—How like an
angel
She looked—with those soft gloomy ringlets,
And slight arched brow, and cheek of ivory,
Tinged with a blush of rose, bright, delicate
As that which paints the unfolded apple-blossom.

And yet at times what heavy sighs she breathed
In that so beautiful sleep, and from her eye-lids
Have wandered tears, like morning dew on roses.
'Twas sadness she was dying of—deep—deep—
For which, on this earth, grew no healing balm.
And they had brought her from her ruder clime
To that sweet spot, where ever cloudless skies,
Pure gales, and smiling scenes, their influence
shed;
But not for her this influence—she was then
'Past hope—past cure.'

They said her heart was broken—but, a child,
I knew not *then* the meaning of that speech—
Yet never word, or murmur of regret
Lingered upon that gentle lip. The spirit
Was weaned from this world, and it looked on
high

In humble faith. The grave no terrors had
For one to whom existence had no charms.

Music alone still held its witching o'er her;
And she would dwell for hours on the rich tones
She knew so well to draw forth from her lute,
As in the stillness of the night she loved
To mingle with them her soft voice, when all
But ceaseless, life-consuming sorrow, slept.
And at those hours how often used I wake
From my light sleep, and to the casement steal,
Then as the moonbeam glittered on the Rhone,
The music of that voice and lute arose
In sighs of fragrance, and across the wave
Rung in strange sounds of harmony, as though
Some Spirit of Heaven his midnight hymn
breathed there,

All on his angel watch as lone he lingered.
I do remember it well—tho' long, long past;
And whether it was young imagination,
Or the enchantment of the scene and time,
Such strains as those I never after heard.—

She died—and died unknown to all around:
Tho' many a look of fondness rested on her.
It was but a short moment fled—her eyes
Had in expressive silence gazed upon
The glorious sun, that from a sky of gold
Went down in majesty—Her earnest glance
Still lingered on its last light (she then knew
The setting sun would rise for her—no more.)
That last light faded—vanished—and she closed
Her heavy eyes, and back reclined her head,
As in soft sleep—'twas an eternal sleep,
For she had died—unconscious all, had died.
And there she lay, like some fair sculptured form,
Lovely, and pure, and pale, and motionless.

ISABEL.

AGE.

Oh! what is life when feeling's dead,
When hearts have ceased to glow;
When bliss, nay worse, when hope is fled,
Oh who would stay below?

Oh! look on yonder aged man,
With scatter'd locks of snow,
His life with joy and hope began,
But it *must* end in woe.

That dim eye which so wildly strays,
Once brightly beam'd; but now
Upon some dear one's corse could gaze,
Yet not a tear should flow.

The voice which once he lov'd the best,
Would fain his hours beguile;
The hand belov'd in his is prest,
And yet he does not smile.

That heart which now so feebly beats,
In happier day throbb'd high:
When life thus tranquilly retreats,
'Tis a relief to die.

It is a fate of misery,
Too fearful to behold;
Ere such an hour shall come to me,
May I be pale and cold.

For what is life, when feeling's dead,
When hearts have ceas'd to glow;
When bliss, nay worse, when hope has fled,
Oh! who would stay below.

Chelsea, October 12, 1818.

HELEN.

TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

(The hint from two old Epigrams.)

Thrice red that blossom is, alas!
And thrice red has it been:—
Red in the grape, red in the glass,
Red on thy nose 'tis seen.
Ah Tom, at that red, red, red blot
Thy well-wishers bewail;
They say the redness of that spot
'Tis makes thy poor wife pale.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

MOMENTARY REFLECTIONS ON MEETING

OLD MR. RIGHT.

[By a Correspondent.]

What *Right* alive! I thought ere this
That he was in the realms of bliss!
Let us not say that *Right* is wrong,
Only for holding out so long;
But ah! 'tis clear, though we're bereft
Of many a friend, the *Right* is left.
Amazing too, in such a case,
That *Right* and *left* should thus change place!
Not that I'd go such lengths as quite
To think him *left* because he's *Right*;
But *left* he is, we plainly see,
Or *Right*, we know, he could not be:
For when he treads Death's fatal shore,
We feel that *Right* will be no more;
He's therefore *Right* while *left*; but gone—
Right is not *left*: and so—I've done. E. M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. XVII.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Was ne'er before in Scotland seen
Sic dauncing and deary;
Neither at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peebles at the play.—*King James.*

O! these were the joys of our dancing days.

Old Song.

"Where were you last night?" said
I to Lady Lewisburn, "that you disap-
pointed the Blue-stocking party?" "I
was at a children's ball," answered she,
'where I was more stupefacted than I can
describe. Can any thing be more uni-
amusing, except to foolish papas and
mamas, or to the second childhood of
doting grand-papas and grand-mamas,
than to behold a parcel of little puppets

popping about in a maze, practising all their dancing-school steps, or aping grown people in the languishing graces of the waltz, or in the display of elasticity and graceful attitude in the quadrille? There was that old-fashioned stunted plant Lord Lilliput, and that miniature flirt Lady Jemima, sailing through the Queen of Prussia's waltz; whilst old Omnium the banker's daughters danced together, and shewed off as many operatical changes and attitudes as if they had actually practised on the stage. Then the admiration of parents, and the insincere compliments of flatterers, all bestowed upon these spoilt epitomes of nature, are quite preposterous. Half of these chits would have been better at school, or in the nursery, than hurting their health by late hours at a ball. Moreover many a young woman might have supplied their place; and as to dancing with them, or after them, that is quite out of time and season. 'To dance with them, is uninteresting, and to dance after them is disadvantageous and disgusting; for the little devils take such pains, that their exhibition beats a grown person as to the mere correctness of dancing. Besides, they dance for dancing sake.'

Little devils! said I to myself. This is indeed the language of envy. 'It is really bad taste to give these juvenile hops,' continued she, 'although it be copied from very high authority. It looks as if some folks were growing childish; indeed our taste is so deteriorating, that half our amusements are fitter for boarding-schools than for an assemblage of nobility and people of fashion.'

In vain I represented that one celebrated author had declared that "men are but children of a larger growth," and that another favourite poet says, "Delightful task! to teach the young idea how to shoot!" 'Stuff and nonsense,' cried she, 'let them then spin a top or shoot with a bow and arrow, but not be intruded into the assemblies of their seniors. Is it not ridiculous for us grown people to be going to see Mother Goose, Tom Thumb, Old Mother Hubbard, and such like infantine fooleries; or to mispend our time at pantomimes and at rope-dancings? and is it not equally absurd for children to be making a noise at a round game at a rout, where deep play is going on, or to be shewing off their little airs and graces in the gay quadrille or voluptuous waltz? There they can learn nothing which they ought to know; they can see nothing but bad example.'

"This assertion," said I, "recoils upon ourselves." 'Stuff and nonsense!'

again exclaimed her Ladyship. 'What is very well for us to do, is highly improper for them. A little flirting—even a little love-making, with a match in view, is not so much amiss, in the meridian of attraction and in high life; but how improper is even the witnessing of either, for the inhabitants of the nursery or of the school. I was quite disgusted,' concluded she, 'last night, both with their affectation and with their parents' greater folly.'

"Do not my children quite make me look old?" drawled out the Marchioness, whose grand-children were capering about; "what a disadvantage to marry early!" whilst Lady Laurel seemed as much pleased at her brats as if nobody had a family besides herself. She considers herself as an evergreen; but I must confess that I think her charms so little worth preserving, that her fading is no disadvantage whatever. The declining Peer, too! what a fool! he came up to me with his handsome boy, and said, "Do you really think," laying a very strong emphasis on the reality of the thought, "that George Henry is very like me?" Not in the smallest degree, replied I; which besides being the truth, was the most mortifying thing I could have uttered. Then there were mothers proud to have their pretty children like them, forgetting that what may pass in a child, may grow up into plainness; and others lending all their ears to the voice of sycophancy or delusion, which whispered to them, "None of your children will be half so handsome as yourself." Such trash! I have no patience with them: I never was more annoyed in my life.—Lady Helen gives another of these juvenile treats next week; but it is the very last children's party at which they shall catch me.'

Here she concluded.—I acknowledge that there is some truth in her observations as to the injury done to youth, by witnessing too soon (and it is almost always too soon) the scenes of dissipation in high life, and by mingling at an early age with the votaries of pleasure; since early impressions are so strong, and since it is so natural for the younger to ape the older, and for the inferior ranks to imitate their superiors. The motives, however, for giving such entertainments cannot be questioned. They always arise out of parental tenderness, the love of children in general (an amiable quality) or complaisance towards our friends and acquaintances; and the fete of this kind given by an illustrious Personage, appears to me in the most estimable point of view. But the

fact is, that her Ladyship did not give a dispassionate opinion on the subject, for it was from having been neglected at the juvenile ball, that she conceived such an unconquerable hatred for every thing of the kind. Besides, her Ladyship's autumn is passing away, and her views of the scenes of life are widely different to what they were at an earlier and a less severe season, when she might have entertained hopes of providing subjects for such spectacles, and when it was not necessary to look upon as an old bachelor,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON M. MILLIN.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

I have been expecting for some time that I should see in your valuable Journal, some account of the late M. Millin; but as you have not yet favoured us with any, I beg leave to offer the following translation (with some slight omissions) of an article, written by a gentleman of eminence in the literary world, resident at Paris.

Paris, Sept. 1818.—M. Millin's place, as Keeper of the Royal Cabinet of Antiquities, has been bestowed upon a young Academician of the name of Raoul-Rochette, who has given proofs of his knowledge of Numismatics, and already fills three or four public offices. Many of the literati had hoped that M. Mionnet, who has been for near 20 years Custos of the collection, and has published a most esteemed work on ancient coins, would succeed M. Millin, whom he had faithfully assisted; but the Minister of the Interior decided otherwise.

M. Millin's valuable library * will soon be sold by public auction; the booksellers Debure are making the catalogue. M. Millin himself had for some years been engaged in forming a systematic catalogue, not only of his books, but of all the treatises and essays contained in them. I have frequently heard him express his intention of having this catalogue printed, which would have made a convenient bibliographical encyclopædia; but it is not finished, and the part of it which exists will probably never be turned to any public use. His *Annales Encyclopediques* will be continued by his friends to the end of the year, and then probably concluded. Many eminent literati, as Julien, Gregoire, Lanjuinais, have indeed announced the intention of publishing a similar Journal; but, as they will include Theology and Politics in their plan, which Millin excluded from his work, and cannot manage the archaeological department as he did, a very different publication from the preceding may be expected.

* Consisting of 22,000 volumes. It is said the Prussian Government wished to purchase it for the new University at Bonn.—Ed.

M. Millin was descended from a family of much consideration, which was called Millin de Grand Maison; as he had a brother, it seems that they divided the family name between them; the one called himself Millin, and the other de Grand Maison; but the former adopts the whole name in his early writings. His chief study was at first Natural History; though he did not penetrate far into this science, he however attained some reputation by his diligence as a collector. He then applied himself to Philology, and this afterwards led to Archaeology, to which he at last exclusively dedicated his attention, and with the most brilliant success. From his youth he had distinguished himself at Paris as an agreeable companion, and gained many friends and patrons. Their influence did not a little contribute to place him in a situation which fulfilled all his wishes. He became Keeper of the Cabinet of Antiquities, for which he had handsome apartments in the great buildings of the Library, Professor of Archaeology, and Member of the National Institute. From this time he enjoyed a considerable income, and had leisure not only for his studies but for social pleasures: in his way of living both went on extremely well together. So long as I was acquainted with him, the morning was constantly employed in study at home, in his official duties, which occupied but little time; and the afternoon in amusement abroad. Only in the winter he had at his house one evening in the week his well known *Thés Littéraires*. When a young man, he was, like almost all the youth of that time, an admirer of the principles of the Revolution. He had then assumed the name "Eleuthero-philie Millin," which was to be found crowned with a little Cap of Liberty in some of his books. At that time also he wrote the "Almanack Républicain," and some other works, which, at a subsequent period, he did not include in the list of his productions: they bear but too evident traces of the impetuous spirit by which the writers of that era, particularly the younger ones, were animated. His republican principles were not durable, especially as he was imprisoned for some time during the reign of terror, and learned in a dungeon to see things in a different light. Under Buonaparte's government he was extremely cautious, and almost timid in the expression of his political sentiments; and hence politics were never allowed to be discussed in his gallery. In his writings he did homage to Buonaparte, whenever an opportunity offered. Madame Buonaparte was pleased with his company, and sometimes consulted him respecting her fine collection of antique vases at Malmaison. Under the reign of Buonaparte, he received the consent and assistance of the Minister of the Interior for his two Archaeological tours in France and Italy, and returned from both enriched with literary treasures, but especially from the last, from which he had derived peculiar advantages. In every city he procured all the existing monuments, from the largest to the smallest, to be drawn by able artists,

and purchased all the designs and treatises which had been published respecting them.

As Italy, at that time, belonged almost entirely to the French empire, M. Millin, supported by the government, easily overcame every difficulty. He had thus obtained a collection which was new even to the Italians themselves, and could not but lead many of them to reflect how little honour it did their own Literati, to have neglected so many admirable monuments, till at last a foreigner had judged them worthy of a minute examination. It was a favourite wish of Millin's to dedicate the rest of his life to illustrate and make known so many valuable and hitherto unknown monuments. He began the work a short time before his return to Paris, by writing several little treatises, and publishing a magnificently printed description of the antique Vases dug up at Canosa. The drawing and description of a beautiful Mosaic, representing the Roman theatrical costumes, was already far advanced when he died. It is to be published shortly. He had drawings made of the magnificent Mosaic pavement in Palestine, of the same size as the pavement itself.

Last winter, M. Millin took a pleasure in visiting, every Sunday morning, several friends or foreigners who were recommended to him, and to shew and explain to them the drawings and designs of every kind which he had brought with him. As he mingled these verbal explanations with remarks on the manners of the countries through which he had travelled, and he possessed the talent of a very agreeable narrator, these little meetings were uncommonly interesting. He had a particular regard for the German Literati; they also eagerly sought his acquaintance, and no where are Millin's merits better appreciated than in Germany. In his own country, they were not sufficiently indulgent to him, in respect to his style, in which, as he wrote very rapidly, he was indeed in general very careless; hence his works were almost more read abroad than in France, where they had but an indifferent sale. He published the *Magazin Encyclopedique* almost 20 years together. In his latter years Millin had his works printed at his own expense, and superintended the sale of them: as they were mostly illustrated with coloured plates, he had every thing done at home, such as the colouring, the stitching, &c. so that his library was become quite a workshop. He never married. He had relations; but having reason to be dissatisfied with them, he left all his property to his friend the Countess de Lassolais. The preamble to his last will seems to me so characteristic, that I insert it here.

'Paris, Royal Library, Nov. 27, 1817.—
'Being sound in mind and body, I declare
'that this is my testament. Before I ex-
'press my last will, I will declare my last
'feelings. I die a Frenchman as I have al-
'ways been: I hate nobody; but pity only
'those who would make reason retrograde.
'I have endeavoured to do good. I believe
'that I have succeeded. I have never in-

'tentionally done evil: should I have
'offended any body, I beg his pardon for
'the error of my understanding. What I
'possess is the fruit of my labour. All is
'mine, and I have therefore the right to
'dispose of it, which I do as follows.'

Messrs. Gail and Delaborde, his colleagues in the Academie des Inscriptions, pronounced suitable discourses at his funeral.*

* Among the oldest and most valued British friends and literary correspondents of M. Millin, was the Earl of Buchan; and it is gratifying to us to say, that our Publication, introduced through his Lordship to this distinguished foreigner, had the honour of receiving his marked approbation. The plan was in consequence likely to be adopted in France, as it has been in several cities of Germany.—Ed.

We extract from a Paris paper the following notice of the celebrated composer NICOLÒ, lately deceased.

Nicholas Isouard, known by the name of Nicolò, was born at Malta in 1775. His father, who was one of the richest merchants on the island, sent him to Paris at a very early age, to pursue his studies. The greatest care was bestowed on his education, and music, which he ultimately cultivated so successfully, formed at this period only a source of amusement. His father intended him for the naval service, and he had already undergone several examinations before the marine board, when the French revolution broke out, and he was under the necessity of returning to his native country. It was then wished that he should turn his attention to commercial pursuits; but his taste for music was predominant, and he devoted every leisure moment to the cultivation of his favourite art. Having acquired considerable proficiency on the Piano, he studied the principles of composition under Michel-Auge Vella and Francesco Azopardi, and concluded his studies at Naples under the celebrated Sala. He afterwards received lessons from Guglielmi, on the art of applying his musical knowledge to dramatic composition. He now totally abandoned the commercial profession, and proceeded to Florence, where he composed his first opera, entitled *Arizzo ai Murisati*. He next visited Leghorn, and afterwards returned to Malta, where the Grand Master appointed him *Maestro di Capella* to the Order. When Malta fell into the power of the French, Nicolò returned to Paris, where he composed new music to several old Operas. He carefully studied the scores of Monsigny and Gretry, and to this study he was doubtless indebted for some portion of his skill in dramatic composition. He was eminently successful in setting to music the works of Hoffman, Dupaty, Bouilly, and Etienne. His numerous productions are characterized by grace and fancy, and, above all, by a profound knowledge of the resources of the art. His most favourite operas are—*Michel Auge, Les Confidences, Le Medecin Ture, L'Intrigue aux fenêtres, Léonce, Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois, Un jour à Paris, Ceudrillon, Jeannot et Collin, Le Billet de Loterie, and Joconde;*

the latter is a perfect model for comic operas. Nicolo may certainly be placed in the very first rank of modern composers. His works are stamped with the genius of the great Italian Masters; his orchestral arrangements are always rich, and his melodies fanciful and brilliant. These are qualities which must ensure a permanent existence to his scores.

He expired at the age of 42, after a short fit of illness occasioned by a pulmonary affection. To his widow and children he has bequeathed a considerable fortune, the honourable fruit of his talents. In private life, Nicolo bore a most amiable character. His literary acquirements were as extensive as his musical knowledge, and he combined with Italian originality a turn of fancy altogether French. He died esteemed and regretted by all who knew him. His obsequies were performed in the church of *Petite Perce*, where several pieces from Jomelli's *Mass*, Plantade's *Agnus Dei*, and Cherubini's *Mass for the Dead*, were executed. After the absolution, the band of the national guard performed a funeral march by Gossec. The corpse was followed to the church-yard of Mont Louis by a numerous train of literary gentlemen, musicians, and actors. The pall-bearers were M. M. Berton, Cherubini, Delreue, and Etienne: the latter pronounced an affecting farewell over the grave of his friend.

Nicolo has left behind him only one complete work, namely, the score of the Opera entitled *La Lampe Merveilleuse*, composed for the *Academie Royale de Musique*.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—THE DISTRESSED MOTHER.—This tragedy, like every tragedy (we remember no exception,) adapted to the English from the French stage, possesses a general coldness and dullness, ill redeemed by the fury of a few scenes, and a character so essentially foreign, that no alteration can render it British. Racine's *Andromache* is a noble composition, congenial to the taste, formed by long habit, of the country where it was produced, eminently poetical, consistent with the rules by which the drama is there fettered, and abounding in beauties which bespeak a genius of the foremost order. Of Phillips' version of this piece, notwithstanding its merit and the praises it has received from celebrated pens, it is impossible to speak in terms of similar eulogy. As a poetical work it cannot rank very high; as suited to our national tastes and habits, it is even faulty; and we believe that its unfrequent revival, is entirely agreeable to the public feeling. It was, nevertheless, in our opinion, worth while to try its success at present at Drury Lane, where Kean might be expected to give great effect to some of the passages in the part of Orestes. In this there has been no disappointment, for in many of them he was wonderfully energetic and powerful. Never indeed has this actor performed a character more mixed with defect and excellence. All the level and declamatory

speeches were delivered in a manner below mediocrity,—in the style of Messrs. Powell, Phillips, or Carr, interspersed with examples of that colloquial swiftly-uttered whispering, which is peculiar to Mr. Kean himself. But where the higher emotions and passions are agitated, it was really curious to see the hand-drumming Orestes leap into fire and potent delineation, fixing every eye, and whirling every mind along with him through the tempest of misery and despair. These touches are nearly all that we can specify as rendering passable an otherwise heavy and indifferently acted play. Pyrrhus is not a character the best calculated for the talents of Mr. D. Fisher, who was barely respectable in it; whereas, from the abilities for which we give him credit, he ought never to appear but to greater advantage. Mrs. Mackenzie failed entirely in *Andromache* (it is said from indisposition,—at any rate she was a distressed mother;) and the part has since been assumed by Mrs. Glover, with rather better fortune; but it is in itself a miserably lachrymose affair. Mrs. W. West played and looked Hermione very well, and was very much applauded, though we do not know why we notice a criterion of desert so partial and fallacious.

COVENT GARDEN.—FAZIO.—There is a disposition towards splendour of scenery and decoration in this theatre, which frequently serves as the passport for short-lived afterpieces of little intrinsic merit, and oftener delights its visitors with show and magnificence appropriate to the dramas which are represented. A critic is almost ashamed to find fault with so captivating a blemish; but there certainly are plays, of which Fazio is one, in which many scenes would be more delusive, were their accompaniments plainer and better suited to circumstances, than they are where so much finery is exhibited. The opening scenes of the tragedy under our notice, afford a striking example of this: the humble dwelling of poor Fazio is almost as richly garnished as the palace of Fazio the possessor of the grand Secret of Alchemy. By this means, not only is the deceptive injured in the first act, but the advantage of contrast is denied to the sequel. Bianca has been performed by Miss Somerville, as the bills continue to announce her, though we believe she would legally answer to a shorter name, with the more matronly and dignified title of *Mrs.* before it. That has, however, very little to do with her acting the wife of Fazio.

When this tragedy was brought out last season at Covent Garden, and, to say the truth, without much effect, we mentioned how strongly it had agitated the audiences of Bath, where Miss Somerville and Mr. Conway sustained the parts of the heroine and hero. Since that period they have, with equal eclat, repeated their performances in many of the principal cities and towns of England, beguiling our provincials of their tears. We allude to these matters, because we observe that the lady has been a good deal charged with pre-

sumption in chusing a character previously in the possession of Miss O'Neill, for her debut at this house. Now, it is but reasonable to suppose, that during her cooperation with so able an actor as Mr. Conway, whose reputation, and, if we are rightly informed, whose dramatic powers and talent have acquired a distinguished increase since he ceased to appear in London, one so young and young to the art as Miss Somerville must have reaped considerable advantages from his advice and assistance. Having played the favourite Bianca oftener than any other part, and under the auspicious circumstances of having an approving public, and a coadjutor skillfully supporting her to the utmost display of her genius, it seems therefore not only a natural but a judicious choice to have selected it for the arduous occasion of a debut more appalling than even a first appearance. The event justified the decision; for never has success been more complete, and rarely better merited. We do not like the ungrateful task of drawing comparisons, and we know how dangerous it is to the foremost fame to cause its foundations to be simultaneously viewed with the efforts of the mistress of the tragic sceptre. But we are free to say, that as a whole we consider the Bianca of last Tuesday to be no iota inferior to her great predecessor. It may be that there is a less terrible working up of the closing agony, but perhaps it is rather a difference; and, taking the entire sweep of the character, our feelings and judgment are equally seized and secured by Miss Somerville as they were by Miss O'Neill in the tragedy of Fazio. There was no alteration in the rest of the cast.

VARIETIES.

NOVEMBER.—The *wing-monat* of the Saxons, on account of the prevalence of the high winds during this month.

Remarkable Days.

1st. All Saints.—The Church of England instituted this festival in memory of all good men deceased, proposing them as patterns for Christian imitation.—2d. All Souls. In Catholic countries, on the eve and day of All Souls, the churches are hung with black, the tombs are opened, a coffin, covered with black and surrounded with wax-lights, is placed in the nave of the church, and in one corner figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are halfway plunged into the flames.—5th. King William landed. The glorious Revolution of 1688 is commemorated on this day, when the throne of England was vested in the illustrious House of Orange. Although King William landed on the 5th of November, the Almanacs still continue to mark it as the 4th. The diabolical plot of an attempt made by the Papists to blow up the parliament is commemorated.—6th. Saint Leonard. Leonard, or Lienard, was a French nobleman in the court of Clotis the 1st. He was instructed in divinity by Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, and afterwards made

Bishop of Limosin.—9th. Lord Mayor's day.—11th. Saint Martin. He was a native of Hungary, and for some time followed the life of a soldier, but afterwards took Orders, and was made Bishop of Tours in France, which see he retained for nearly 26 years, and died about the year 397.—13th. Saint Britius. Britius, or Brice, succeeded St. Martin in the Bishopric of Tours, in the year 399. He died in 444.—17th. Saint Hugh. He was a native of Burgundy, and died in the year 1200, of an ague.—20th. Edmund, King and Martyr.—22d. Saint Cecilia.—23d. Saint Clement.—Old Martinmas day.—25th. Saint Catherine.—29th. Advent Sunday.—This and the three subsequent Sundays, which precede the grand festival of Christmas, take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into, or from the word *adventus*, to approach.—30th. St. Andrew.

Appearance of the Heavens for Nov. 1818.

The moon's latitude on the 1st, at noon, is 3 degrees 50 minutes south in the 17th degree of the 9th sign; and it increases to nearly 5 degrees 16 minutes and a half on the 4th, w.e.a. it is at noon in the 13th degree of the 10th sign. It then decreaseth to the 11th, when she passes the ecliptic in her ascending node, about half past six in the morning, in the 13th degree of the 1st sign. Her northern latitude increases to the 18th, when at noon it is nearly 5 degrees 13 minutes; in the 27th degree of the 4th sign it decreases to the 25th, when she passes the ecliptic in her descending node about half past 5 in the afternoon; in the 29th degree of the 7th sign, her southern latitude increaseth to the end of the month.—Mercury is in his superior conjunction on the 10th, and after that an evening star.—Venus is an evening star. On the 1st she is seen to the west of the eastern branch of the Milky Way, Jupiter being above her at some distance, to the east; but her motion being slow and his comparatively rapid, she does not overtake him this month.—Mars is in conjunction on the 19th, after which he becomes a morning star, but too near the Sun to be discerned the whole of the month.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,
Allow me to correct some of the observations made by a correspondent in your valuable Journal of the 17th inst. who signs himself an *Israelite*: he says the day of atonement is expressed in Hebrew כפר יום I am afraid he must have been little accustomed to refer to his Bible, or he would never have fallen into such an error. There is no root in the Hebrew language that has any relation to כפר nor is there any meaning attached to those letters. The first mention of the day of atonement is in Leviticus xxiii. 28. "And ye shall do no work in that same day: for it is a day of

"atonement, to make an atonement for you before the Lord your God." The words stand thus יום הכפרים and in Le-

viticus xxv. 9. יום הכפרים from the root

כפר Expiated, removed out of sight, covered. A word from the same root first occurs in Gen. vi. 14. (speaking of Noah's Ark,) which has caused a variety of opinion, translated in our version "Pitch." "Rooms" shalt thou make, and shalt pitch it with "in and without with pitch." The word is here, with a little variation of the points,

as a noun, כפר rendered by the Septuagint ἀσφαλτος, Bitumen, and understood in this sense in the Targum and in the Talmuds חפיה כופרא (see Buxtorf,) from the idea of covering or hiding: also applied to a city or dwelling, as a covering, or shelter. Mr. Bellamy, in his new translation of the Bible, has thought proper to apply the word to signify atonement; "rooms, shalt thou make for atonement," supposing that God could never give such a simple, self-evident instruction to Noah, for to pitch the Ark within and without with pitch. But the primary signification of the word is evidently To cover over, to hide; from whence the analogy is extremely beautiful to the idea of atonement, to shew forth the covering over, or hiding of sin from the sight of God, by expiation and making atonement.

I am, Sir, &c.

WILLIAM GOODHUGH.

39, Crawford-street, Montague-square,
October 25, 1818.

The anniversary of the death of the Princess Charlotte falls before our next publication: Are British sorrows of so short a date as not to mark this day by mourning and religious observance?

Advertisement from the "Kentucky Reporter:—"

"TAKE NOTICE,

And beware of the swindler JESSE DOUGHERTY, who married me in November last, and sometime after marriage informed me that he had another wife alive, and before I recovered, the villain left me, and took one of my best horses—one of my neighbours was so good as to follow him and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, grey eyes, remarkably ugly and ill-natured, and very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar. This is therefore to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and they may go to the devil for him after he gets that. - - - The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten (the number not positively known,) and will, no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living. —MARY DODD, Livingston County, Ky. Sept. 5, 1817."—*Fearon's Sketches.*

On the walls of Washington there were many drawings, writings, &c. by the multitude. Some of the pencil drawings exhibit the military commander hanging upon a tree; others represent the President running off without his hat or wig; some, Admiral Cockburn robbing hen-roosts: to which are added such inscriptions as "The Capital of the Union lost by cowardice;" "Curse cowards;" "A— sold the city for 5000 dollars;" "James Madison is a rascal, a coward, and a fool"—"Ask no questions" &c. &c.—*Idem.*

In a field near Yeovil, there have been lately discovered some very fine specimens of Roman pavement, with figures in *alto-relievo*, representing two warriors bearing a stag, suspended on a pole across their shoulders, and a dog underneath, together with some Roman coins of Tetricus, Crispinus, and Vespasian. Tesselated pavements were found in three fields, one of which formed a floor of a room 12 feet in width, and 30 in length.

The *Courier of the Bas Rhin*, only three weeks ago, announces the arrival of a regularly commissioned American agent to poll Germany for Emigrants, to settle in Kentucky, and Virginia! Will any sovereign permit him to destroy his subjects?

A Pennsylvania Farmer states, that "the water in which potatoes are boiled, sprinkled over grain or plants, completely destroys all insects in every stage of existence, from the egg to the fly."

It is not, we believe, generally known, that both the sisters of the late excellent Sir T. Barnard are authoresses. One wrote an account of Female Scripture Characters; and the other, Mrs. Julia Smith, an excellent Novel, called "The Old School."

A lady advertises in the Times of Thursday, that she "Teaches (other) ladies the Art of Conversing Well," and has a few hours to spare. Her "terms are high." Gentlemen who wish their wives taught to talk, are interested in this *new School*.

A *Turner Dinner* has been advertised, "to commemorate the loss the nation sustained by the premature decease of the illustrious Princess Charlotte"!!!

A gentleman took a servant into his house, who was much distressed by a liver complaint; but his new master having some skill in physic, soon cured him. Some time after, he desired this servant to assist the men in his farm-yard, as they wanted hands to complete a laborious piece of work before nightfall. The answer was, "That is rather out of my line, Sir."—"Very well, John (rejoined his master) but do you remember that when you came into my service you were very ill, and that I cured you?"—"Yes, Sir, I own you did," replied the man. "Well then, John (returned his worthy master) that was rather out of my line." The fellow made no more ado, but hastened to the farm-yard, and was never known to complain again of things being out of his line.

* The letter appeared in the *London Literary Gazette*, and its substance as an *erratum* in the *Literary Gazette*, stamped in order to be transmitted to the country free from postage.—Ed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER.

Thursday, 22—Thermometer from 39 to 39.
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 17.

Wind E.S. 3.—Clear till the evening, when it became cloudy.

Friday, 23—Thermometer from 38 to 54.
Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 21.

Wind NE. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Saturday, 24—Thermometer from 45 to 49.
Barometer from 30, 25 stationary.

Wind NE. 3.—Cloudy, with a few drops of rain in the afternoon.

Sunday, 25—Thermometer from 44 to 60.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 23.

Wind NE. 3.—Generally clear.

Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Monday, 26—Thermometer from 44 to 62.
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 29.

Wind E. 3.—Clear, and a very warm day. A steady northern light appeared this evening about ten.

Tuesday, 27—Thermometer from 39 to 64.
Barometer from 30, 32 to 30, 34.

Wind NE. and SE. 4.—Clear.

Wednesday, 28—Thermometer from 36 to 63.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 38.

Wind S. 4.—Morning and evening clear, afternoon cloudy.

On Friday, Oct. 6th, at 6 hours 0 minutes and 51 seconds, clock time, the 2nd Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse; and on the 7th, at 5 hours, 5 minutes, 53 seconds, the 3d Satellite will emerge.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from Castleton is too provocative of controversy for our pages; we have therefore sent it to the monthly publication designated, though we apprehend it is too late for that publication.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the Press, and shortly will be published,
THE DREAM OF YOUTH. A POEM.
Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand.

Hakewill's Views in Italy.

The Second Number of
HAKEWILL'S VIEWS IN ITALY, illustrative of Addison, Eustace, Topham, &c. engraved by Landseer, Geo. Cooke, &c. will be published on the Second of November.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

No. III. will be published on the First of December.

North Pole.

On the 9d of November will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. with a Map, 12s.

HISTORY OF VOYAGES INTO THE POLAR REGIONS; undertaken chiefly for the purpose of discovering a North-East, North-West, or Polar Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific; from the earliest periods of Scandinavian Navigation, to the departure of the recent Expeditions under the Orders of Captains Ross and Buchan. By JOHN BARROW, F.R.S.
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the Press, and in a few days will be published,
Price 7s.

REPLIES to the LETTERS of the FUDGE FAMILY. Edited by THOMAS BROWN, Esq.

Also,

An Impartial Statement of the Late Elections, with Biographical Notices of the Members, &c. &c. Price, to Subscribers, 10s. 6d.; to Non-Subscribers, 12s.

Printed for Finnoch and Maunders, Mentorian Press, No. 267, Strand.

This Day was published, price 2s.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, and LITERARY MISCELLANY, being a New Series of the Scots Magazine, for October 1818.

Contents:—Remarks on Dr. Brown's Theory of Cause and Effect—Thoughts on Taste—Thomson's unpublished Poems—Letters from Italy (continued)—Translations from Burger: 1. The Alchouze Dog. 2. A Spinning Song. 3. Gretchen—Proposal for extending Vaccination—The Noble Convert; an Old Play—On Verbal Criticism; illustrated by some Specimens—Popular Superstitions of Clydesdale: No. 11. Fables—On the Effects of War and Taxes—Strictures on Mr. Ricardo's Doctrine respecting Exchangeable Value—Statements affecting the Authenticity of Adams's Narrative of his Residence at Tombuccoo—Notices respecting the State of Public Libraries, and the Printing and Publishing of New Works, in reference to the late Copyright Act—Commerce of Great Britain and Ireland: Public Accounts—Notice respecting the Insect in the Edinburgh Water Reservoir.—Review of New Publications:—Buxton on Prison Discipline—Dufet's Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Languages to Man—Original Poetry—Literary and Scientific Intelligence—Monthly Register, &c.

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.; and to be had of all Booksellers.

Of whom may also be had, all the preceding Numbers.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for November 1, price 9s. being the 4th Number of a New Volume, will contain an interesting Memoir of Walter Scott, Esq. (accompanied by a fine Portrait)—Lord Byron's Residence in the Island of Mytelene—Curious Historical Account of Aix-la-Chapelle, with Anecdotes of Charlemagne—Interesting Notices and Anecdotes of Rob Roy McGregor, never before published—Z. on the Cockney School of Prose Writers, No. 2—Original Letter from David Hume to John Home—Nugé Literaire, No. 3—On the peculiar custom of licensing the Minstrels of Cheshire, with a Portrait of Sir Piers Dutton, on whom Henry VIII. confirmed the advocacy—On Literary Imitations—Anecdotes of eminent Persons, No. 2—Thoughts on Public Education—Mr. King, on National claims at Antiquity—Hints for English Travellers—Account of a Roman Hypocaust, with an Engraving—Notices illustrative of Cambrian History and Antiquities, No. 2—Progress of the Arctic Expedition—Important new Inventions and Discoveries—Letter from Wm. Carey, Esq. to the Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris, with the reply of M. Quatremere de Quincy—View of the Baso Relievo of the New Custom House—Review of New Publications, with interesting Extracts—Criticalisms on the Drama, New Music, &c.—Literary and Philosophical Varieties—Digest of Political Events—Reports, Literary, Agricultural, Commercial, Medical, and Chemical—Interesting Occurrences, Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths, abroad and at home, with Biographical particulars of Mrs. Billington, Mr. Bindley, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street; and sold by every Bookseller, Stationer, and Newsman, throughout the Kingdom.

N. B. The three preceding Numbers of the present Volume are embellished with Portraits of
THOMAS MOORE, Esq.
LADY MORGAN, and
WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.
and, in consequence of the increased Patronage this Work has lately received, the Proprietor is enabled to promise, that every Number will in future be embellished with a Portrait of some distinguished character, or other engraving, without any addition to the price or reduction in the quantity of matter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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